

THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

JAN.-FEB. 1917

CONTENTS

The Least Known Wilderness of America
The Everglades of Florida.

The Transformation of the Red Men of
Nebraska.

The Indian and His Buried Records.

The Pueblo Indians—Their Architecture
and Social Life.

Culture

CULTURE is more or less a matter of temperament. Culture and a Spanish bullfighter are two distinct and separate things. To put them together would be to prostitute both.

Culture is not something that can be taken in a capsule, and that works overnight. It is more akin to the coral insect that gathers its little mite and then lies down to pleasant dreams.

For ten centuries the world has labored under the impression that the college has a monopoly upon culture. There is no monopoly on culture, any more than there is a monopoly on air or light or water. Culture is a common property. It is a touch of divinity, and it may be won by any lover who is ardent enough in his wooing.

The best culture is self-culture, just as the best help is self-help. The world loves a man who is strong enough to stand on his own feet. The world needs men who have won culture for themselves, because they are the men who can do the world's work.

All else is a mere matter of detail.

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK



A magazine issued in the interest
of the Native American

The Red Man

VOLUME 9

JAN.-FEB., 1917

NUMBER 5

Contents:

The Least Known Wilderness of America—The Everglades
of Florida—

By Minnie Moore-Willson - - - - 147

The Transformation of the Red Men of Nebraska—

By Eugene O. Mayfield, in The Omaha World Herald 160

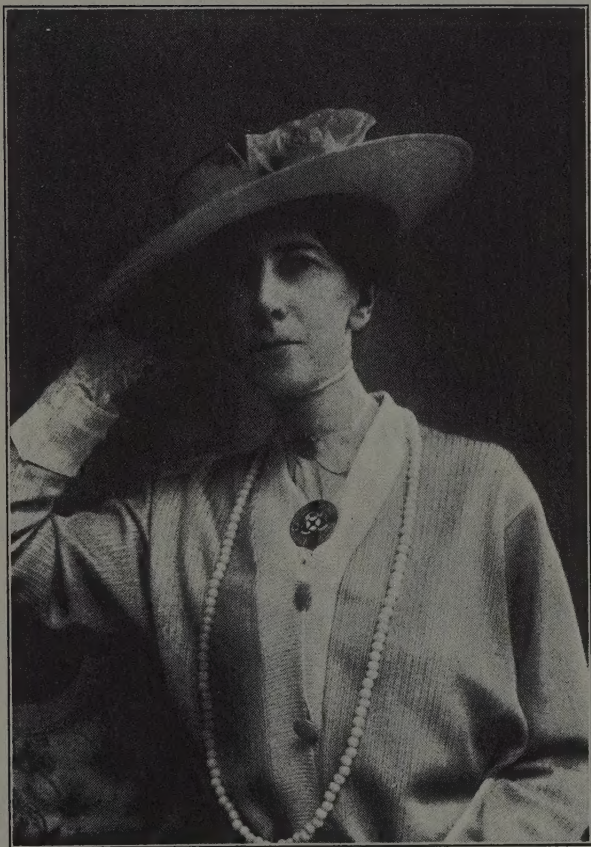
The Indian and His Buried Records—

By Prof. Levi Edgar Young, in the Public Press - 169

The Pueblo Indians—Their Architecture and Social Life—

By Frederic J. Haskin, in the Public Press - - 177

PUBLISHED BY U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL CARLISLE, PA.
OSCAR H. LIPPS, Superintendent.



MRS. MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON
Friend of the Florida Seminoles



OSCEOLA—FAMOUS SEMINOLE CHIEF



THE RED MAN



The Least Known Wilderness of America—The Everglades of Florida:

By Minnie Moore-Willson.



WHY should the American go to the land of the Vikings or to "darkest Africa" for themes? We have the Everglades!—Gray, misty, water-covered, a region with a background that teems with romance, yet wrecks in tragedy.

This land of the southern peninsula of Florida with its islets, lagoons, its cutting saw grass prairies and tropic jungle is an unexplored treasure house for the man of research, a virgin field for the adventurer—in short, a tropic mimosa with its secrets closely held against the disturbing exploiter, yet awaiting the intrepid spirit who would dare to explore this "Least Known Wilderness of America."

The Everglades, while at the very door of civilization—almost in sight, as it were, of the gilded palaces of Palm Beach and Miami, yet during the last half century only six expeditions have ventured within the boundaries of this interminable morass. These so-called expeditions consisted only of "crossing the 'Glades as a ship crosses the ocean." As to scientific research, in the heart of this mysterious region, there has been none; there have been no well defined lines made—no flag staffs mark the trail of the adventurous explorer.

Appearance of the Interior 'Glades.

THE appearance of the *remote* interior of the Everglades is unlike that of any other region on the globe, and is certainly the most bewildering and remarkable on this continent.

A view from an aeroplane would show a vast lake of fresh water, spreading out in the shape of an artist's palette; hundreds of miles of tall saw grass, shooting up in slender stems, would break into view. Imagine this vast area of more than 5,000 square miles, studded with thousands of islands covered with thickets of shrubbery and vines; here and there would be seen an island of lofty pines, but oftener the view would reveal only small islets upon which were emplanted a soli-

tary majestic palmetto—a sentinel or a place of signal for the wanderer or the denizen of this “grass water” country. Gorgeous aquatic flowers, brilliant butterflies, and the flutter of bird life add color and animation to the scene.

Let the captain of this air ship rest his craft in mid air and through his glasses gaze down upon this aquatic jungle.

The wild animals find a refuge in these secluded boundaries; the gentle doe with her fawn slips through the shadows; the red fox cautiously watches for his prey; the black bear with her chubby cubs scents the custard apple and the palmetto bud,—the raccoon skulks through the tangled underbrush, and the cunning otter darts through the fish laden streams in quest of his midnight meal.

The eagle and the bittern, the heron and the showy egret, with countless migratory birds from the North American continent, find in this wild solitude a winter refuge.

The American Red Man Adds to the Picture.

THE man with the glasses looks again and he sees the American Red Man adding a picturesque embellishment to the picture; he sees men and women and children, brown skinned, brightly garbed and picturesque, yet strangely self contained; for the solemn silence is only broken by the splash of a paddle of the canoe as it glides through the Seminole's secret channels of the great swamp.

What a background of romance and tragedy do these aboriginal people give to this Venice of America. Stories weird and strange fill the unwritten life book of these descendants of aboriginal America.

This vast aquatic domain, that has ever remained terra incognita to the white man, opens quickly enough to whomsoever carries the key. In ages past, long before Columbus planted his silken banner in the damp sands of Cat Island, the haughty Carib Cacique ruled his tribe, with justice, yet with power. Down through fantastic pages of time, tribe after tribe occupies the territory until the proud and liberty loving Seminole entered these swamp fastnesses, and here he has remained. Resisting armed forces of the American Government, fleeing from bullets and blood hounds, this small band of Seminoles obstinately clung to the land of their fathers, until a humane policy of the Federal Government resulted in a peace compact and here in this mystic land the Seminole Indian lingers,—timid and shy, still practicing the traditional teachings of his fathers and worshipping the Great Spirit.

However fast the door of the swamp may be locked, the Seminole is the true key bearer and knows every foot of the interminable swamps. The stars are his compass, the fantastic tracery of canals, cut by his ancient ancestors through this chaotic tangle of the great “grass water” country are his highways.

Less is known, and it can be said without fear of contradiction, less is *told* to the reading world of inquirers in this twentieth century than was given to history four hundred years ago.

The Land of the Seminoles.

THE Caucasian has battered at the gates of this land of mystery for nearly a century, but some impregnable force, directed by a Higher Power than commercialized graft or the greed of selfish men, has kept the gates secure. *It is the Land of the Seminole!* It is the gift of the Great Spirit to his red children of Florida. Did the red man of the Everglades, who in ages past cut his own channels, make those water highways as well?

For accounts touching the interior of the Everglades, we must have recourse to historical documents. To French delineations upon old maps, as well as from Spanish and English authorities, we learn that more than three hundred years ago, Florida's Everglade country was cut up by large rivers, extensive ponds, lagoons and lakes which communicated with each other.

That the drainage of the Everglades was "contemplated by the authorities of the Spanish Government," is an established historical fact, and as late as 1840 during the Seminole War a canal was found of considerable size—"large enough to float a large craft;" this piece of engineering work is credited to the Spaniards, but owing to the treacherous straits of Florida's coast, interior navigation was abandoned and the Spaniard and the Frenchman left the country to the intrepid and enterprising Indians whose knowledge of the water world of the Everglades was then, and is *now*, superior to his white engineering brother, for the Indian travels through these uncharted waters in his "dug out" canoe, with no compass but the stars overhead, as he is guided by the whispering winds brought him from the voice of the Great Spirit.

"Everglade Geyser."

NEAR the centre of the 'Glades, according to public documents, filed in Washington, is an "immense spring rising from the earth, covering an extent of several acres, and throwing up large quantities of water with great force."

With the sun's rays glinting on this "Everglade Geyser," with the evaporation caused by the intense heat of this tropical land, as it meets the cooling waters of some underground cavern, a grey mist is formed and hangs over the area.

As the white wandering clouds from the fathomless cavern meet the starry skies, the Seminole sees in this phenomenon of nature—the "Breath of the Great Spirit."

The Everglades, christened with the Red Man's name—Pay-hay-okee, or "Grass Water Country," comprises more than 5,000 square miles,

and while considered a swamp, it is more of a shallow sea or lake. While th's sea of water, slowly, silently courses its way over the rock-bound bottom, it apparently has no source, but finds its supply from under-currents.

When the torrential rains, a characteristic of this 'Glade country, come, flooding the entire area, the Queen of the Water Kingdom picks up the rippling waters and like an elfish sprite hurls them into lakes and rivers, where they dash relentlessly on until they reach some subterranean passage to the sea; and thus with undercurrents subterranean lakes, as well as subterranean outlets, the sanity of "practical drainage" in this "Grass Water" country becomes a stupendous problem to the honest engineer.

During the past decade more than one American engineering expedition has entered this region to make surveys for drainage and reclamation purposes, and each surveying corps has wisely and guardedly barricaded against criticism of failure by publishing to the critical world the statement that "upon 800 square miles of this unexplored country no white man has ever placed foot."

In 1913, after 20,000 purchasers of lands in the Everglades had *demande*d their lands or the return of their good American dollars, the Federal Government exploited the "crooked deals," with the result that another survey was ordered and Florida put sixty men into the Everglade district, at an expense of \$40,000. The citizens paid for the survey and "800 square miles still remain terre incognita"—unsurveyed! Wherefore, white man?

The "Hooded Cobra" of the Everglades.

FOR more than a quartette of centuries the "Great Snake" has appeared at intervals to warn the red rulers of the Everglade country against the invasion of the pale face.

Possibly no legend of American history holds a greater interest in folk lore literature than does the dramatic story of the big snake of the Everglades. This monster reptile, according to Indian tradition, has never ceased to champion the rights of the sovereign inhabitants. When the Spainards invaded the sacred homes of the 'Glade dwellers, the monstrous snake, with relentless fury "unsheathed his armored sword" and, with the lashing of his great tail caused a mighty tempest and the aborigines took refuge in the secret morasses until the white invader passed on seeking other and less tempestuous areas. With the coming of the French and the English the snake again warned the Indians, and the Red Men once more hastened to the trackless waters until the white invasion had withdrawn.

The present Seminole Indian as he tells of this monster snake and

its history, says, "long time ago, Big Snake come with Ind'ans to show them the "Grass Water" country by the big salt water. My grandfather old, old man, tell me, me tell my boys." And so the tradition has been handed down from generation to generation.

As the chieftain describes the snake he says: "So big, no man can tell—head, big ojus, with horns like the great owl, and eyes look like flames of fires."

During the past decade, while the pale face with ax and compass has invaded the sacred home of the Seminole, the Great Snake has been active, appearing always at the zenith of the white man's seeming victory and as he raises his dreadful head, and the red flames of fire shoot from his eyes, with his powerful tail lashing the waters of the under-currents, whipping up a whirlpool of debris, he upsets the white man's crude instruments and flooding the Everglade country with the letting loose of cavernous water ways, retires again to his subterranean home and waits for the pale face engineer to devise other means of drainage; and so until the white speculator and spoil-taker find ways and means to control subterranean flood gates, to control water forces whose source lies hundreds of miles away, or to toss away lightly the very God of nature's ba'ance wheel, "Everglade drainage" in the heart of this cypress wilderness must be a lingering operation.

While the Seminole is being pushed on and on, while he is pauperized, homeless, and even hungry, he still has the faith of a little child and looks to the day when the Big Snake will win the final battle of supremacy and the white man will retire in utter defeat as did the people of olden days when American history was young. Then with his children and his squaw, free from the driving brute force of land speculators, he will live as in the days of old upon the rich islands and hummocks, happy and prosperous. The channels his forefathers cut through the watery saw grass prairies will be his cypress canoe "car line;" his gleaming camp fires will cast only holy shadows; in the mystic solitude of Nature he will see God in the skies and hear Him in the winds; the wild game will return to its lair; the eagle, the flamingo, the horned owl will nest in his domain, and silvery fish will glide through the Seminole canals of crystal water; the stars will lift the lids of their twinkling eyes to smile down upon the toddling papooses, and the mystic religion of this ancient people, mingled with the creed of the Christian, will make the Seminole an Acadian type, burnished by the fires of century-long affliction, still worshiping the Great Spirit who has given this Pay-hay-o-kee country to his red children and over the seven colored "rainbow" of the heavens—the "Highway of the Great Spirit"—he will make the last journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his fathers.

Everglade Scenario.

WERE we to unroll the reel of a photo drama of the Everglades, we would go back thousands of years, when the great billows of the ocean rolled over the space now occupied by this territory, we would see the millions of busy builders of that age, the tiny coral polyps, working on the reefs and shoals; we would look again and see the tempestuous storms and hear the thunder of the circling winds; and behold the "breaking up of the great fountain of the deep," forcing the sand from its depths, until a giant dam was built, and the great ocean was excluded. Then it was that Okeechobee, "the place of the Big Water," in Seminole dialect, became an inland sea.

We may turn the slide and see the animals of prehistoric days basking in the sunshine or bathing in the limpid waters. The fame of Florida as a health resort was not unknown to the animals of those ancient days, for the remains of those monsters are exhibited today in national museums, with labels stating that they "belonged to animals—probably mammoths, that lived 10,000 to 50,000 years ago."

Red Sons and Red Daughters.

THE screen makes a quick change and thousands of years have elapsed and we see the "Grass Waters" country of Florida peopled by a race who were happy, contented, and prosperous. They were the sovereign owners of all the vast continent.

In true Venetian style they glided through the canals in their cypress "dugouts," trading with each other—bartering their wares for the produce of other sections.

Agriculture was carried on in the rich islands and hummocks, the raising of stock was profitable, and their traffic in skins, pelts, and ambergris made them prosperous. To the unfortunate Caucasian who was wrecked upon the treacherous coast of Florida, the Indian obeyed the dictates of humanity and hospitality.

Florida's Drama Silenced by Centuries.

FILM makers delight in taking the flights of the mind, and may we not bring before you a vision of aboriginal life, forming as it did such a tragical, flame-encircled background to American history.

Rushing before the imaginary camera of 1539 we see thousands of Castilians as they followed their haughty leader, Hernando De Soto. We see the flower bedecked country; we see the cavalry, fleet grey hounds and furious blood hounds. We see handcuffs, chains, and collars to secure and bind fast the innocent natives.

The reel makes another turn and the picture becomes enthralling.

De Soto, ever pressing on in quest of gold and conquest, has traveled 300 miles northward and enters the provinces of Co-fa-qui, the kingdom of the mightiest chieftain of this new land. The splendor of the reception is amazing. It is a stage setting drama of sixteenth century renaissance in hospitality. The mighty chieftain of Florida sits upon his throne surrounded by his subjects. Entertainment has been provided for the "strange white men from heaven." The chieftain has given up his village for the Spanish quarters, and with his tribe moved to another settlement. The arrogant Castilian, however, with eagerness to press on in search of gold, soon informs the generous Indian chieftain that he must move onward. The chief, with that hospitality of the original American, sent the Spaniards on, with provisions of maize, dried fruits and meats for the journey, with an escort of 4,000 armed Indians to act as defenders, and 4,000 men as burden bearers to conduct the men of Castile through a dangerous wilderness of several days journey. Such were the proud and generous people the Caucasian found in Florida.

The adventurous Spaniard, however, in his quest for gold and the fabled store house of pearls, moved on; the Frenchman, with his luxury loving nature remained but a short time; later the flag of England was planted, only to be torn down by another Spanish expedition; and so years rolled on and the aboriginal people, the red rulers of the land, held sway, immovable, entrenched in the land given to them by the Great Spirit.

The Spanish religionists entered this 'Glade country and several churches were erected by them.

Look—quickly! the film maker of this moving picture places another slide and you are transported to the Library of Harvard University. You see the shores of the shimmering waters of Lake Okeechobee, and on this replica of the red man's map, you see the designation of a church, surmounted by a cross.

As late as the nineteenth century, the American troops discovered a large artificial mound, supposed to have been the foundation of a church. We dare not challenge United States statistical documents, and as late as 1848, upon one of the islands of Okeechobee, quoting from the document, "a cannon was found which had been carried there by the Spaniards, and that a large bell and other indications of a church having once been erected can be seen."

Present Day History.

WITH nervous haste the film maker skips two centuries, showing a screen connecting ancient history with that of the modern day. A band of red Americans, proud and invincible, the Seminoles of Florida, enter the Spanish territory of Florida; subjects only to the

Spanish crown, these people, in 1750 were permitted to become a nation to themselves, living and practicing the inalienable rights of independence, honor, and kindness. For three-quarters of a century these dusky patriots lived and prospered, owning cattle, slaves and plantations. We may hear the tinkling bells of their little ponies as they traveled, caravan style, carrying their wares from village to village; but alas! the film maker delights in climax, and we see a mocking travesty of our cherished ideals. We see the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes, and Florida ceases to be a Spanish province, and becomes, with its Indian population, the coveted possession of the United States. With the sealing of the compact with Spain in 1821, we read the death sentence of the Seminole independence—a very Iliad of tragedy in American history.

Years of war and broken treaties followed until the American nation, with its unhallowed spoils, drenched with the blood of this distracted, primitive people of the Everglades, became the conquerors. Florida was strewn with the mangled bodies of innocent red patriots, where shattered hamlets and stricken camp fires blackened the once peaceful Indian country.

Thousands of Seminoles were forced by the mighty power of the American Government to give up homes, lands—life itself—and be exiled to a cold and unknown western land.

Today, the heart of every civilized nation on the globe turns to brave little Belgium. The patriot of America, the *real* American, whose soul and heart shrink from the tainted and currupt dealings of the vampire and land grafters, must not close his eyes, but let him look—yes, with horror—at *other* screens of this Everglade moving picture—for we have within the bounds of this American continent—“*A little Belgium of our own.*”

American Records Pictured.

THE flame-lit reel now makes a daring turn and we now see pictured by the imperishable magic of the camera the pitiful story of American injustice—a silent drama of Florida history—recorded among the archives of Government statistics.

A few extracts from the records at Washington must stir the emotion and stimulate pity for the vanquished red dwellers of the 'Glade country.

After hundreds of weeping women and sad visaged men had been loaded on ships to be transported to the land of the setting sun, a hunt was kept up through the wilderness territory for the small bands that had escaped captured by blood hounds and bullets. These refugees had taken shelter in the recesses of the tropical jungle. The screen shows:

Record 1, taken from files of the navy in the Florida expedition of 1841–1842, reads as follows: “We found fields and villages, hitherto

thought to be inaccessible to the white man. We explored these haunts and burnt their villages."

Record 2. "Finding two Indians in a boat, the Indians were killed."

Record 3. "Fully 600 Indians had lived here near Pine Island, but had escaped leaving large fields of pumpkins, beans, and corn. All these we destroyed."

Record 4. "The towns of Chi-ki-ka's people were visited and were found to be tenanted only by the skeletons of the Indians upon whom *justice* had been executed by Col. Harvey."

Record 5. "With 200 men we ascended Shark River into the Everglades. Here we met Capt. Burke of Artillery, with 67 men. * * * Joining forces, we proceeded to Te-at-ka-hatch-ces, and discovered two Indians in a canoe.

"The Indians escaped, but we secured their packs, cooking utensils, provisions and their canoes. We followed them three days until the trail was lost. After destroying the growth of their fields consisting of 50 to 60 acres of pumpkins, beans and peas, etc., we continued to the sea."—*John T. McLaughlin, Lieutenant Commanding Expedition.*

And so the tragedy runs; the pages of American history are stained with the blood wounds of an innocent people, whose greatest crime (?) was love of country, and kindred and reverence for the graves of their fathers.

A People Without a Country.

EXPEDITION after expedition failed to coral the little band of Indians left in the 'Glade country in 1841. Today the 600 Seminoles of the Everglades are the descendants of this heroic band—a *people without a country!* Too honest to steal, too proud to beg, eking out but a pitiful existence in the land of his nativity. Why? Because the same monster greed that has driven the American Indian across a continent has entered the sacred homes of Florida's Indian population.

Are we treating these patriots, these people who cling so desperately and so devotedly to the homes of their fathers, any better than did our officers seventy-five years ago?

Today the American flag is standing for right, justice, "peace with honor" and upholding the dignity of the greatest nation on the globe. Nation after nation has had its wounds bound up, has been fed and clothed and helped. America has been eyes to the blind, an almoner to the poor, a protection to the widow and orphan; and yet, in 1843, under the sacred emblem of this same starry banner, the Seminole made a peace compact with the U. S. Government, under the direction of our President. The Seminole was "to occupy certain areas and to forever abstain from all acts of aggression upon his white neighbor." *The*

Seminole has never broken that treaty! He believes and *knows* that the land of Okeechobee is his by right of treaty, and he cannot understand the merciless driving force of the white man.

Will the audience look upon the screen again? You may see a true un-hyphenated American picture of 1898. Justice and honor in behalf of the vanquished Seminole had been aroused all over America, and under the beneficent ruling of the martyred McKinley an expedition from the United States Government was sent into the trackless Everglades to select and survey lands for homes for the long persecuted native inhabitants.

Three hundred thousand acres was not considered too large a grant as compared with the gift of 15,000,000 acres—the gift of the United States, without money and without price, to her favorite daughter, Florida. Let the moving picture camera make for us a picture of this expedition. We see the surveyors, the ax men, and the inspectors as they follow the instructions of the head of the nation. The old homes of the Seminoles were selected as belonging to the Indians by “prior right of occupancy,” for this red race, happy and prosperous, had lived on these rich islands and hammocks for more than fifty years.

Belated justice seemed at last assured, and the patient Seminole about to stand upon the threshold of his home, and secure from molestations was ready to receive civilization, Christianity, and all the splendid influence of a humane government.

And now behold, another picture slowly evolves from the darkening shadows. Figures and numbers on a screen are not interesting to the drama lover, and yet in ancient days numbers played a great role in the destiny of man and nations. And significant are such numbers on the map of Florida as townships 54 and 55, south of range 30 east; townships 43, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, south of range 34 east, etc. Hieroglyphics, yes, but easily deciphered with the surveyor's key as used in 1898 by the envoys of the nation's Chief, the Great White Father at Washington!

Will you remember these numbers? The screen will show them again.

The United States' Purchase of Florida From Spain.

THE camera man now turns his reel and shows a historical record almost a century old, taken from the archives of Spanish and American documents, “America's Purchase of Florida from Spain,” which stands out in clear type and startling is the reading on the screen, *the preservation of the rights of the Seminoles to lands in Florida was made a part of the stipulation of transfer by the Spanish Government to the United States in 1821.*

The State accepted the gift of the “Swamp and Overflowed” lands

of Florida from the National Government, with the Indian population as a part of that transfer; therefore the obligation passed to Florida.

Has she kept a single letter of this Spanish-American compact in her treatment of the Seminole Indians and their rights and titles to homes in the Everglades?

The legendary lore connected with a part of Florida's Everglade country—these townships, islands and hummocks selected by the National Government officials makes this "silent drama" of numbers a singularly pathetic one to the childlike Seminole, for here it was, according to the Indian tradition, that the Son of God "stopped," at which place He was met by three Indians, who carried Him around on their shoulders, while he sowed the "Koontie" root, which was God's gift to the red men. Here, Christ continued to live with the Indians, "to make them good Indians and to prepare them for the land of the Great Spirit."

President McKinley's Humane Policy "Double Crossed." A Seminole Land Bill.

IN the quickly shifting screen of this silent photo play of Florida's history, the magic lenses of the camera bar censorship, and the daring film maker from the safety of a periscope as it were, shows records that jibe rather badly with honorable State laws.

The Swamp Land Grant of 1850 gave to Florida the "Overflowed Lands," but did not include the islands hummocks with the 'Glade boundary, because they were not overflowed land—therefore, would the title to those "old homes of the Indians," now recorded in the names of certain corporations and private individuals, stand the "acid test" of a legal investigation?

But wait, the photo play has now reached a gripping climax. The lights are growing dim; dark shadows weave themselves on the screen—an oppressive silence hovers over us as we watch, as if some sinister thing impended. Ah! a cog has slipped! It is the year 1899. The Florida Legislature is in busy session. A "Seminole land bill" comes before Florida's citizenship. It is passed and signed by the governor. The land tallied almost to the acre with the survey as selected by the United States Government *for the Seminoles!*

Alas! for the tragedy of this chapter! Alas, for the wiles of the politician and the unholy, unpardonable graft of the speculator. The bill, so inspiring to humanity, contained a clause—in these days of Everglade jests called a "Joker"—which reads: "Providing that nothing in this act shall be construed to make the State of Florida or the Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund of Florida liable to make good the title to any lands embraced in this act, that have heretofore been conveyed or certified to any person, persons, or corporation."

The film maker, with merciless honesty, leaves nothing to conjecture. Townships 54 and 55, 48, 49, 50, etc., had been "acquired" by a person, persons, or corporations, and the Seminole again became the victims of infamous politics.

Like the eagle, as he swoops down upon the lamb feeding at its mother's side, so commercialized graft with "land grabbers" outfit, swept down upon the inheritance of the red children of Florida and violating every moral, humane, and brotherly law of a commonwealth even gathered the crumbs that fell from Florida's bounteous table.

Between the time when President McKinley's special Government commission carefully selected these lands in 1898—an interval of less than a year, this particular tract disappeared from the list of the public domain and went into private ownership.

Was this high treason? Did Florida violate the sanctity of her voting citizenship by permitting this "land grabbing" act? Would you know who shuffled the cards? If we allow a "political grab bag" to disregard the will of the people; if we, as a State, will permit the overturning of honesty and justice, then we must not weep over the failure of Everglade drainage, which is today hors de combat. With the word "failure," so far as the general public is benefited, punctuating each million dollars spent on attempted drainage, a mocking echo resounds throughout the United States of America, while an inquisitive public still waits for the answer to the riddle of the Okeechobee sphynx, who alone holds fast the key to this Egypt of America.

Florida, in her Everglade disasters, has learned the bitterness of the prophet's rebuke, when he said, *"Thou shouldst not have entered the gate of my people in the day of their calamity, nor have laid hands on their substance in the days of their distress."*

Seminole Death Song.

AND now in the interval before the last scene, the dirge, like music of the Indians, softly breathes through the stillness of the audience. Sobbing out the pathos of the drama, the orchestra plays on, until, like echoes from an anguished soul, the death song, the recessional of the Seminole, dies away in the hearts of the listeners.

Slowly, as if breaking through a mist of gloom, the last screen breaks into vivid view. It is the climax of Florida's pitiful Indian drama. We see the patient heroes of the dark wilderness huddled together in hopeless misery. Dusky red mothers weep as they press their little ones to their throbbing breasts.

The wigwams are deserted,—the embers of the dying camp fires are turning a dull, ashen grey. The last meal has been eaten.

Listen! and you will hear the merciless cry of the white spoils taker,

"Move on, move on,"—like a death knell it echoes through the dark forests. The little group of original Americans, so true to their friends, so pitifully child-like, are now standing upon the brink of oblivion. With heavy hearts and eyes of grief they turn their faces toward the land of the Southern Cross. Slowly and silently the bewildered little band moves onward.

Like animals, sorely stricken, creeping to their lair, these red mothers and little children follow the slow tread of the stoical braves.

The reel makes its final turn. The smoke-wreathed film grows clearer and clearer. Our throbbing hearts await the climax.

The solemn Indian procession halts and we see a new made grave—*only an Indian baby's grave.*

Must they leave the chieftain's child, the still form of the pet of the wigwam village? Clustering around the sepulchre with bowed heads and throbbing hearts the struggle ends and the sad decision is made. The orchestra, with tones as soft as a zephyr's breath, croons the stricken mother's last lullaby, and we hear, "Sleep on, little babe, in thy lonely grave"—and the little band of Florida exiles passes on.

Then, as is with one impulse, the mourners halt, and form the "death circle." With locked hands and eyes raised to the God of the Skies, the Seminoles cry—"Great Spirit, hear my prayer"—goes forth in one long, agonized wail, into the solemn silence of the dark wilderness, to be echoed and re-echoed, until transmuted into a very symphony of sorrow, the mournful echoes—the moans of a stricken race—return to girdle the conscience of their oppressors and to purify humanity in the name of the innocent and vanquished red Americans of Florida.

And so the Curtain Falls.

Can we, dare we, as men and women of Florida and America, withhold the help we can give to this stricken and oppressed people of the Florida Everglades—the long persecuted remnant of the once powerful Seminole nation?

The Seminoles Needs.

One hundred thousand acres of the Everglades.

Live stock industry being their natural vocation, this is not too much land for their future needs.

The National Government will gladly help fence and start these Seminoles in the cattle industry.

Industrial schools, taught by educated Seminoles from Oklahoma, whereby soil tilling and better home making may be learned from our new American methods.

With this help, these Seminoles will develop into the highest type of American citizens.

Transformation of the Red Men of Nebraska:

By Eugene O. Mayfield, in Omaha World-Herald.

*A land where peace and plenty dwells,
A land of sunshine and of showers;
A land where every bird its glory tells,
A land where all the weeds are flowers.*

That's Nebraska. —THOS. H. THIBBLES.



THIS is a story from real life of fifty-eight years. During the past fifty-eight years the people of the earth, all over the civilized areas, have made truly wonderful advancement in every walk of life. Nothing like it will ever be seen again, it is safe to say—nothing like it transpired before. During that brief period waste deserts have been transformed into hills and valleys of abundance; sun-baked plains have been made to contribute their share, and scattered far and near now are cities and towns where once only the winds mourned at night and the birds sent forth carols by day. Fifty-eight years ago the present metropolis was in swaddling clothes, its future achievements yet to be worked out.

And speaking of Omaha vividly brings to mind a people for whom Omaha was named—the Omaha Indians, and what they have contributed toward making the state in which Omaha is situated one of the most powerful agricultural districts known to civilization.

But why talk particularly of fifty-eight years ago, and the years that followed? Because it has now been fifty-eight years since the government sent its wards, the Omaha Indians, to a tract of land in the northeastern part of the state, now known as Thurston county, and told them they must learn to become self-supporting. During this span of a goodly life time—these fifty-eight years—these red wards of the government have accomplished all that was expected of them, and more, too. They have learned to till the soil as well as the white man has—some better.

Turn Backward in History.

IN ORDER to reach and make plain the point desired it is necessary to go back prior to fifty-eight years ago. In those pioneer days it was quite usual—not out of the ordinary—for the then frontier cabin to have its door darkened by an unannounced red man.

Indians, you know, never knock at a door. They never did and such is not now their custom, except in towns and cities. No one knocked at their tepee entrance and why should they knock at the white man's abode. They came and went as they pleased—those blanket Indians of fifty-eight years ago. If they wished food they asked for it; if cold, they merely grunted and squatted by the fireplace and warmed their bodies. If sleepy they often lay down by the fire and slept all night—among these were the white man's friend—the Omahas.

For centuries, perhaps, these Omahas had lived up and down the Missouri River, out along the Platte, Niobrara, and other streams now known to the whites. They were among the very first to meet and greet civilization, as the white man understands it—to smoke with him the pipe of peace, nor has the fire in the peace pipe ever gone out since those early days, so far as an Omaha Indian is concerned. If the peace pipe has lost its glow it was the pipe of the white man.

But fifty-eight years ago a great change was brought about—the Omahas were henceforth destined to be farmers, and not warriors and hunters. It was in 1857 that they were located on the Omaha reservation. That year they did no farming, but government representatives talked farming to them. They were wary, were those Omaha Indians of fifty-eight years ago; they did not understand—they seemed not to wish to understand. Then another year rolled around and a venture was made by some of the Indians. They sowed as told to, but their acreage was small. The yield amazed them. The third year there were more Indian farmers among the Omahas than there had been the year before. They caught the scent of the game. After that, as years rolled by, their numbers increased. And what has been the result? Simply this: The Omaha Indians of Thurston county run neck and neck with white farmers all over the state, so far as splendid crops are concerned. They no longer live in tepees, but occupy modern farm houses, have large barns for live stock, granaries for their product; send their children to school and are worthy citizens of Nebraska. And this all within fifty-eight years.

Visit Another Reservation.

A FEW days ago the writer was a visitor to the Omaha Indian reservation and there he met Omahas he had known for years—decendants of the Omahas who had welcomed the white man to

the prairies of the great northwest. A few old warriors, but not many, were met who had gone to the reservation fifty-eight years ago. Most all the old tribesmen have passed away—but their sons and daughters are there, as full citizens of the United States having all the rights and privileges accorded to the white race.

It is not of the citizenship of the once wild man I am writing. It is of what they have accomplished. Their citizenship is on a par with the average white man—their morals are just as good as the white man; their homes are as bright and they are just as contented; they worship God as fervently as the white man; they vote the democratic, republican or prohibition ticket as their inclination points; their women are good housewives—a few of them even talk in favor of woman suffrage. All of the newer generation are educated men and women and the boys and girls are in school.

But what have these red children accomplished that is worthy of note? They have in fifty-eight years transformed the hills and valleys, once the home of the wild animal, up there in Thurston county, into a farming paradise.

“But Indians never make good farmers,” a gentleman said to the writer not long ago. The gentleman was in error. He had evidently imbibed his so-called knowledge from an unreliable source. It is dollars to doughnuts he had never been on the Omaha reservation and had never even talked with an educated Indian farmer.

Now let us dissect this matter and see what the Omaha Indians have done and are doing toward producing food for the hungry of the land. And in this connection permit the explanation that this recital of fact pertains only to the Omaha Indians, although there are on the same reservation in Thurston county many Winnebagos, located along the north part of the county. That the Winnebagos have made rapid progress, too, there is no question, but their farm homes were not visited on the recent trip. The latest government report gives the total population of Thurston county as being 8,704—that was five years ago. Of this number 6,776 were whites, 13 were negroes, and 1,915 were Indians. At the present time the population is larger than when the census was taken. There are 1,313 Omaha Indians in the county. The remainder of the Indians are Winnebagos—about 600, it is estimated. The total Indian population may be given too low, but during the past five years perhaps there have been almost as many deaths as births. Nearly all of the

Indians of both tribes live on farms—some live in towns where they own homes and are engaged in business.

Let's Dissect the Charge.

BUT Indians never make good farmers." But let us see whether they do or not. Let us see what the official state report for 1914 says about that. The report says that the farmers of Thurston county raised last year 2,943,908 bushels of corn, they having a total of 80,655 acres planted; that the average per acre was 36.5 bushels to the acre, while the average all over the state was but 23.3. That sounds like the Indians are failures as farmers, don't it? They sold this corn at an average of 51.2 cents, the average price of the state being 52.5 cents per bushel. Of course, the Indians did not raise all of this corn, for there are white farmers on the reservation—some as owners and some as tenants, but government Superintendent Johnson of the reservation, and W. T. Biddock Walthill, both authorities on all matters pertaining to the Omaha Indians, state that the crops of the Omahas were equal to those of the white farmers, and in many instances they were better last year.

Corn is king up on the Omaha Indian reservation. It has been a king enshrined in the hearts of the Omahas for centuries, for be it known that the Omahas, many authorities state, were the very first to grow corn, commonly called maize by the old-time Indians, on the American continent. And thereby hangs a most interesting tale—an Indian legend, which will be related before further statistics are taken up.

The Omahas have a vague idea of where they came from originally. Some hold to one traditional legend handed down from generation to generation, while others hold a different view. Nor is their idea at all clear as to where corn came from. Among other ideas is that told by father to son for centuries, in effect that corn came to them from a kindly spirit that watched over the red children of the long ago. An Indian who believes in the old legend, as do some of the older of the present Omaha tribe, was Standing Buffalo, a Ponca, which tribe is closely related to the Omahas. Standing Buffalo, now dead, was a very wise old man. He never talked of the past, but built for the future, and it was somewhat reluctantly that he talked of the origin of corn not long before he died. But here is what Standing Buffalo said, being translated into English by Francis La Flesche, the historian of the Omaha tribe,

who holds an important position in the bureau of ethnology at Washington:

Pretty Indian Maize Legend.

“WHEN I was a boy I often asked my mother where my people came from, but she would not tell me, until one day she said: ‘I will give you the story as it has been handed down from generation to generation. In the real beginning Wakanda (God) made the Wazhazhe—men, women, and children. After they were made he said “Go.” So the people took all they had, carried their children and started toward the setting sun. They traveled until they came to the great water. Seeing they could go no farther, they halted. Again Wakanda said “Go.” And once more they started, and wondered what would happen to them. As they were about to step into the water there appeared from under the water, rocks. These projected just above the surface and there were others barely covered with water. Upon these stones the people walked, stepping from stone to stone until they came to land. When they stood on dry land the wind blew, the water became violent and threw the rocks upon the land and they became great cliffs. Therefore, when men enter the sweat lodge they thank the stones for preserving their lives and ask for a continuation of their help that their lives may be prolonged. Here on the shore the people dwelt; but again Wakanda said “Go.” And again they started and traveled until they came to a people whose appearance was like their own; but not knowing whether they were friends or foes, the people rushed at each other for combat. In the midst of the confusion, Wakanda said, “Stand still.” The people obeyed. They questioned each other, found they spoke the same language and became friends.

“Wakanda gave the people a bow, two dogs and a grain of corn. The people made other bows like the one given them and learned to use them for killing wild animals for food and to make clothing out of their skins. The dogs gave increase and were used as burden bearers and for hunting. The corn they planted, and when it grew they found it good to eat, and they continued to plant it.

“The people traveled on and came to a lake. There they found a sacred tree and took it with them. The people (Ponca) went on and came to a river now called Nishude (the Missouri). They traveled along its banks until they came to a place where they could step over the water. From there they went across the land and

came to a river now called Nibthacka (the Platte). This river they followed, and it led them back to the Missouri.

"Again they went up this river until they came to a river called Niobrara, where we live today. So you now understand where our people came from and where maize (corn) came from."

The Poncas and the Omahas are of the same gens and were one tribe when they started out from the great lakes of the east, centuries ago, to move westward. That they became separated on their journey while crossing a stream, is Indian history—one part later to be known as Poncas and the other Omahas, thus explaining the two tribal names. They were one when the kindly spirit gave them a bow, corn and dogs and told them to travel toward the setting sun.

No matter whether there be merit in the legend, as related by Standing Buffalo or not, the tale is interesting, as all must admit.

What Statistics Show.

NOW let us go back to the farmers of Thurston county. The state report for 1914 places the total value of all land in Thurston county and farm permanent improvements at \$1,060,845. It says that the value of the buildings, meaning houses and barns, etc., was \$133,375, and that of farm implements \$11,400. The majority of this land and improvements belong to the Omahas. The same report shows that one year ago there were 2,439 milch cows on the reservation and 9,425 other cattle; 11,698 hogs, 7,644 horses and 1,325 mules.

That is a pretty good showing, isn't it, for a race of people who knew absolutely nothing of farming fifty-eight years ago.

What about wheat? Yes, there was some wheat raised last year—as there was this year—on the Omaha reservation. Last year there were 3,308 acres of winter wheat harvested. This year there was more. Last year the reservation farmers threshed out and disposed of 55,244 bushels. The average yield was 16.7 to the acre, that of the whole state averaging but one bushel more. Then there is the spring wheat. Last year 2,744 acres were harvested from which was threshed 30,744 bushels, the average per acre being 11.2, a fraction less per acre than the state average.

Oats? They raise oats, too, the 1914 acreage being 20,417, from which was threshed 71,595 bushels, an average of 35 bushels per acre against 34 for the whole state.

They raise alfalfa, too, those Indians do. Last year the reserva-

tion county farmers had in 2,517 acres which went 3.1 tons to the acre, which equals the state average.

This year the acreage of small grain was larger than last year. The yield was up to standard and in many instances heavier than one year ago. In addition to corn, wheat, oats and alfalfa the Indians raise everything that the white farmers raise all over the state. Their crops of barley are not large, the acreage being small. They raise in abundance sorghum cane for hay, millet, timothy and clover. They raise thousands of bushels of potatoes, the average yield being 100 bushels to the acre—some fields going 175 bushels to the acre.

W. T. Diddock, a pioneer on the reservation, who has been in the real estate business for many years at Walthill—who married a sister of Bright Eyes and the late Dr. Susan Picotte—said to the writer: "The reason why there are so few cattle and horses raised on the Omaha reservation is on account of the scarcity of pasture and hay, as fully 90 per cent of the whole reservation is planted to cultivatable crops. The land is too valuable to be left to wild grass. There are but few Indian ponies raised on the reservation now, all the Indians having good work horses and driving teams, when they don't own automobiles.

"As to the number of acres cultivated, it is hard to tell, but I would judge that every able-bodied Indian cultivates on an average from sixty to eighty acres; some of the more energetic have as much as 200 or 300 acres. One man has raised over 7,000 bushels of corn in one year. I know of one little Indian boy, 8 years old, who cultivated corn, driving four horses on a two-row cultivator. The Indians, especially the younger ones, have shown a great deal of ability in handling farm machinery. They have binders, threshing machines, corn shellers, etc., and handle such machinery equally with their white neighbors.

"Thurston county is rather rolling and in some places hilly. It is all underlaid with a yellow clay subsoil and a good black loam top-soil. We have never known a failure of crops and in the dryest years the corn has made good yields. Tame grass and alfalfa do especially well. There is a clause in all of the Indian leases which requires the lessee to put a certain per cent of the land leased by him, into alfalfa, therefore in a few years Thurston county will probably have the largest acreage of alfalfa of any county in north-east Nebraska.

The land values are much lower than in the surrounding counties. This is probably accounted for by the condition of roads, etc. However, these are being improved rapidly and in the near future we expect to have as good roads as our neighbor counties."

Fifty-eight years ago how many milk separators do you figure that Indians, anywhere, had in use? How many owned even a cow? None! Few of the western Indians had ever seen a cow, unless it be a buffalo cow or elk cow. There were lots of this class fifty-eight years ago—the date when the Omaha Indians were placed by the government on the Thurston county reservation. But it is different now. Last year there were 165 cream separators in use on the Omaha reservation, the majority of them being used by full blooded Indians. At present there are over 200 separators in use on the reservation.

Splendid Butter Production.

THEN there is the butter. Last year there was made in families for sale 19,790 pounds. The farmers sold to creameries milk and cream to the amount of \$3,610. In addition they sold to others than creameries milk and cream to the value of \$1,885. The average price received for the butter was 25 cents, making its value \$4,947.50. That makes \$10,442.50 turned into the pockets of the farmers of the Omaha reservation for one year.

Oh, no, the once wild red men up on the Omaha reservation haven't advanced. Listen. Last year there were 183 automobiles owned on the reservation, most of them by Omaha Indians whose parents fifty-eight years ago slept in a tepee—who saw their wives and children suffering with hunger and cold while the white man was planning to take from them their tribal hunting grounds. This year it is estimated that there are over 200 automobiles on the reservation, the Indian purchases keeping pace with the white farmers and townsmen.

Thurston county consists of 398 square miles of as pretty land as lays out doors. It is rich in tradition and was once the best antelope hunting grounds west of the Missouri river, it is claimed by the Indians and old white hunters. There are 254,000 acres in the county, which at a conservative estimate is worth on an average of \$80 to \$90 per acre—some of it is worth as much as any land in the state where wheat, corn and alfalfa is grown. Like all counties, there is some poor land, but not much. Of the total number of farms cultivated in the county 250 are farmed by owners and 50 by tenants.

Boiled down, here's a few facts supplied by Charles Crisp, U. S. Government farmer, about the Omaha Indians:

"There are 250 who own and farm their own farms; 50 lease to white farmers and Indians at an average of \$3.50 an acre, or on shares, receiving one-third of the crops. Some furnish implements and teams to tenants, these getting two-thirds of the crops. Henry Milton, a full blood, owns the largest farm in the county—700 acres, which he leases. Simon Hallowell owns 360 acres; Fred Merrick, owns 200; Mary Mitchell, 200; Hiram Walker, 230. Walker has all of his farm in corn this year, having the largest field on the reservation. This year the potato yield will be about 175 bushels to the acre; corn this year will average about 30 bushels; wheat, 20; oats, 35, and barley, 20."

Tribal Customs Dying Out.

CONTINUING, Mr. Crisp says: "I find tribal customs are fast dying out. There are about sixty Omahas who are members of the Presbyterian Church; several belong and attend other churches. There were only fifteen cases of Omaha Indians breaking the peace last year, which is about one per cent of the population. During the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1915, there had been born forty-one males and thirty-four females. There are about 800 Omahas who can read and write English. Of the total population, as ascertained June 30, 1915, there are on the reservation 674 males and 639 females. Of this number, 149 males and 144 females are of mixed blood. This makes the total population 1,313 on the date given, the figures being obtained for the United States Indian Bureau."

Thus we find that fifty-eight years has worked wonders among the Omaha Indians—wonders that no one could have foreseen. These people, as far back as their history can be traced, have been industrious and peaceable. They never have been known to make war on the whites, but when the Sioux used to come down to carry off their ponies and plunder camps, as they often did, many moons ago, the Omahas streaked their faces in gaudy colors, filled their quivers with arrows and gave battle that knew no quarter. But those days are gone forever and the once great nation of Omaha warriors now contentedly plant their crops, reap and mow, ride in their automobiles and educate their children, just as do the happy white farmers of Nebraska.

The Indian and His Buried Records:

*By Prof. Levi Edgar Young, Dept. of History,
University of Utah, in the Public Press.*



THE western part of the United States offers a rich field for the study of the ancient inhabitants of the North American continent. Utah is no exception to this statement, for within the confines of the State are ruins of the cliff dwellers, with their basketry and pottery, their hearthstones and their religious sanctums. In fact, all over Utah are scattered the remains of the ancient red men. While the most interesting of all the ruins are in the southeastern part along the Colorado River and its tributaries, yet there are mounds and old pueblos in many of the valleys and canyons of the Wasatch Mountains. A study of the Indians, their past and their present conditions and stages of culture, is always a source of interest to the average citizen, for as one stops to think about the denizens of the mountains and plains, one realizes that they have had a history, remarkable for its tragic setting and stimulating for its varied pictures of barbaric culture. A recent report of the Department of Indian Affairs at Washington tells us that in Utah alone there are at the present time something over 3,000 Indians. These Indians had an ancestry who inhabited these western valleys, and carried on a system of agriculture by means of irrigating canals and ditches. Tradition in some localities tells us that in the warmer parts of what is now Utah, not only were there fields of Indian corn; but beans, melons, gourds, and pumpkins were raised to feed a thriving and robust population. Since our Government through the Smithsonian Institution began to preserve the traditions, folklore, folk-songs, and myths of the forefathers of the American Indians, the people of the entire west have been interested in studying the social, civic, economic, and religious life of the Indians of today, that they might work back to the remote past, when the cliff dwellers lived their lives in their own simple way.

The Indian in Utah.

WHEN Utah was settled in the later forties by colonizers from the State of Illinois, they became interested immediately in the ruins of the ancient red man found here and there. The Indians themselves were interesting to the pioneers, and they, the Indians, received just treatment from the beginning of our State's history. Treaties were made with the Utes, and Prest. Brigham Young's

motto that it "is better to feed the Indian than to fight him" was followed as a policy by all the pioneer settlers. For this reason, partly, the early settlers became interested in the ancient cliff dwellings found in the south and southeastern part of Utah.

In the early seventies, when Francis Hammond settled San Juan County, he organized expeditions and discovered many of the dwellings that were opened and studied by archeologists at a later period. In those days many a beautiful piece of pottery was discovered, and the homes of the south took a pride in preserving the Indian remains, found now and then in remote parts. When Paragoonah was settled in 1852, many old habitations of ancient America were found, and some of the pioneers preserved much of the traditions and folk-lore of the tribes which were then roaming from the Rio Virgin eastward to the Colorado. The Utah Indians went into New Mexico and Arizona, and their contact with neighboring tribes was conducive of a greater knowledge of the southwestern Indians by the settlers of Utah.

It is interesting to read in the report of George W. Armstrong, Indian agent for Utah in 1855, that the Utes often visited the Navajoes in Arizona, and then returned to their homes and hunting grounds, having made with the southern tribe a treaty of peace. In those far-gone days, the whites learned from the Indians much about the natural bridges of the extreme southeastern corner of Utah, and in 1895, cattlemen began to talk about the wonderful natural arches of the isolated country between the San Juan and Colorado Rivers. In 1903, Horace J. Long, in company with an old cattleman named Scrup, set out for the "wonderful arches," which had been discovered, according to reports, in 1885, by a cowboy named Emery Knowles. Their trip was successful, and resulted in the finding and naming of the most important of the natural bridges of Utah. On their return journey, they discovered some beautiful pottery, one piece of which had a capacity of over four gallons. From that time to the present, exploring parties have been interested in finding the homes of the cliff dwellers in Utah, and heroic has been the struggle to preserve the homes and manufactures of these ancient inhabitants of our State.

Don Maguire's Work.

IN 1893 Don Maguire began a systematic and scientific investigation of the prehistoric mounds and cliff dwellings of Utah. Opening up a large number of the mounds west of Willard City in

Boxelder County, he found much broken pottery, which had been decorated with artistic designs. "As the work went on," says Mr. Maguire, "broken pottery became more abundant, and at the depth of six feet was reached the floor of an ancient dwelling. There we found a hearth, on which was a large quantity of ashes, charred wood, and bones. The bones were those of the deer and buffalo; also of smaller animals, such as the rabbit, beaver, and musk-rat. There we discovered three stone mills made from gray granite, very well finished and showing that they had been used for a long period of time. There were also the rolling and rubbing stones that are used to roll or crush the seed, grain, and acorns into meal upon these mills. Bone awls and bodkins, descoidal stones, broken earthenware vessels, arrowheads of flint and obsidian were found in great quantity. . . . We also found charred cloth, corn, wood, and much chipped flint in two other mounds we worked. . . . The brick of the house were well made and well burned."

The next work of Mr. Maguire was in the mounds bordering on the city of Ogden, where some pottery and a few skeletons were found. Continuing the research, mounds were discovered and opened near Provo, Springville, Payson, Nephi, and Fillmosa. Important finds were made near Paragoonah, 320 miles south of Salt Lake City, where a mound 150 feet square was opened, which proved to be a veritable mine of antiquities. Dr. Henry Montgomery, then professor of geology at the University of Utah, accompanied Mr. Maguire on this expedition, and describing the large mound, he says:

"Along with the charred corn, wood, cloth, straw matting, and ashes, we found clay pipes used in smoking, of a very peculiar form, much like the opium pipe of the Chinese. We also found great numbers of awls and bodkins, bone buttons, and oblong pieces of bone, much like the ancient dominoes of the Greeks and Romans. As work was carried northward we struck the north wall, where withering fire had, by its tremendous heat, fairly vitrified the walls; and at that point we found great quantities of charred wood, which at one time had been joists and beams, supporting stairways and floors. We broke through the upper part of the wall, which led us into a great open court. Digging again, we encountered burned timbers fallen from the walls above, and also broken pottery, stone axes, and much rubbish. At the depth of three feet, we were startled by the discovery of human skeletons of men, women, and children.

They had evidently been slain upon the roof of the building and thrown into the court by their conquerors, or else the place had been taken by assault, and they had been slain in the court where we found them."

In Emery and San Juan.

FROM Paragoonah, the expedition went into Emery and San Juan counties, and obtained from the mounds and cliff dwellings of those southern and eastern counties mummies in a splendid state of preservation, cloth, corn, pottery, cotton, implements of stone, and bone and wooden farm implements. The expedition of Don Maguire was followed the next year by one under the direction of Dr. Montgomery, and it was he who emphasized the importance of the cliff dwellings of Utah before the scientific organizations of the United States. In their work, Don Maguire and Dr. Montgomery were aided by Platte D. Lyman, who had almost completely explored San Juan County, and who had made a splendid collection of mummies and pottery, much of which is now owned by the Deseret Museum.

These early expeditions proved beyond a doubt that Utah had been inhabited by a race of people "who lived in houses constructed of sun dried brick or a clay concrete. In some instances, burned brick were used." Dr. Montgomery held that the remains of the mounds indicate that a people inhabited the valleys of Utah antedating the cliff dwellers. At the least there were two distinct races, one antedating the other by a number of years. One thing seems to be certain. A chain of ancient cities existed from the northern to the southern boundary of Utah in far remote or prehistoric times. It may be that Paragoonah was the seat of a great Indian tribe, who were the forefathers of the Utah Indian today.

No man ever sensed the tragic and dramatic history of the ancient inhabitants of Utah and the southwest as did Harry Culmer. Seeing nature in all its beauty wherever he went, he journeyed far into the wilds of the Colorado and San Juan rivers, and painted the land of the cliff dwellings in all their grandeur. Sensing the deeper meaning of the ancient ruins, he expressed almost unconsciously the truth that was in them. Mr. Culmer found his inspiration along the Colorado River, and he reflected its strength and beauty as no other American artist has done. He portrayed the abstract quality of beauty, of nature, of the humanity of the land of "yellow and sunshine."

Archeologists from other climes have explored the remains in Utah, among whom was Professor Kidder of Harvard University. During the last ten or twelve years, the University of Utah has kept alive the interest in archeological research, and to Professor Byron Cummings must be given the honor of carrying on extensive researches covering many seasons, and his work is reflected in the splendid collection of archeological remains that are now to be seen at the university.

The Study of Archeology.

ARCHEOLOGY, or the study of pre-historic man, has taken its place as an independent and highly specialized science. In the fifteenth century, when the movement known as the Renaissance had reached its height in Europe, scholars began digging into the ruins of Rome and Greece in search of gems, medals, and marbles. From that time to the middle of the nineteenth century, archeology concerned itself largely with the study of those two ancient nations. Napoleon precipitated an interest in the study of Egypt and the Holy Land, but it was not until after 1870 that archeology was made an exact science by the German and French scholars. Schlieman, the excavator of Troy and Mykenæ, opened up great avenues for subsequent excavations in the Old World.

During the last twenty-five years the archeologists have turned with enthusiasm to America and have met with great and startling success. American archeology has brought vividly to light the objects by which man has expressed his conceptions of life, of beauty, and of God, and it has opened up fields that indicate a type of civilization resembling in many respects the old Semitic civilization of the western part of Asia. How rich the field is in Utah is yet to be determined. One thing is quite certain. Sometime in the far past the forefathers of the red race had homes in different parts of America, and within what is now Utah lived a people who had fixed abodes and who understood to considerable extent the art of agriculture. Careful scholars have opened up a large and interesting field, particularly along the Colorado and San Juan rivers, and the progress of archeological discovery made during the past few years is marked by the collection of new truths concerning the life and culture of the cliff dwellers.

The people of Utah are particularly interested in the history of ancient America, and for many years have they expressed that

interest by appropriating through the State legislature various sums for the work of preserving the cliff dwellings within the State.

There are three means of determining the social life among prehistoric man. 1. By the study of archeological remains. 2. By carefully considering the survivals of tradition. 3. By paralleling prehistoric culture with the culture of primitive man of today.

We have a large field here for such study, but a field that must be extended in time to take in all America, that the University Museum may become one of the largest of its kind in the world. Religion and art, the two highest forms of racial expression; tribal and family life; methods of building houses and places of worship; implements of agriculture and the hunt, all must be collected that the degree of culture and idealism of these prehistoric people may be understood. We must try to understand their problems and how they solve them. They were a primitive people, but they had characteristics in their social groups that indicate well developed family life and at times high religious idealism. They had their moral codes, based largely upon their forms of association and their natural belief in a Great Spirit.

To understand fully to what extent the prehistoric man in this western country developed one must carefully consider the different intricate adjustments which tend to make society in any form refined in their response to nature, such as climate, food, soil, topography, etc. After studying the environment, one may judge pretty well as to what stage of development a people attained. Careful research reveals implements manufactured by the cliff dwellers, such as rough chipped flints or polished stones, basketry, and pottery, and these partly become the means of establishing the family, clan, or tribal life of a people.

What Has Been Learned.

THE archeological remains in Utah indicate the various steps in human progress among primitive people. In the cave dwellings as well as in the rooms of the old pueblos, fire places are found, indicating that the fire was the central gathering place for the family or clan. Then one obtains by close study the methods of food-getting and cooking. The cliff dwellers lived on corn, pumpkins, beans, and dried smoked meats. Boiling pots have been unearthed, and jugs made of basketry for carrying water have been found. Houses indicating a knowledge of masonry still stand in the wilder-

ness as witnesses of the skill of these people of the long-ago. Even old trails still remain, which indicate tribal relationship and in some instances exchange of foods and dress.

But behind the obtaining of archeological remains and preserving them there is a greater ideal in the mind of the scientific archeologist. It is to obtain a knowledge of primitive society in all its forms. Among the ancient red men, society depended on blood relationship at first, and in some instances the social group in the cliff dwellings was based on co-operative interest and mutual toleration. Among the Iroquois Indians, a highly civic life was developed when they formed a confederation with other tribes for purposes of protection. So among the cliff dwellers of Utah and the southwest, we find here and there the germ of a state, with a fairly well defined respect for law and tradition.

From the ceremonial caves and sanctuaries, for the Indians had sanctuaries, we are led to conclude that the ancient inhabitants of our commonwealth had a strong belief in the Great Spirit, and from their burial customs they had some idea of the immortality of the soul. Like all primitive people, they had their ideas of the manner in which the earth and man were created, and they too had their myths and traditions concerning a great flood which destroyed their forefathers. The following tradition was obtained recently from a Ute Indian:

A Ute Tradition.

“OUT in the desert beneath the tohalf bush, the sunbeams gave birth to the White Bird and the Blue Bird. One day they flew off to the wigwam of the Great Spirit and said: “We want to build our nests in the trees and fly high above the gopher hills and coyote brush off into the white clouds.” The Great Spirit nodded his assent, and then was heard a great thunder. Blue clouds surrounded the Blue Bird and White Bird, and they saw that they were little Indians, one a boy and the other a girl. They were on the desert, in the midst of a great field of corn and pumpkins. A gopher came and brought them plenty of brush, which he placed high against their wigwam. Then come a large gray Spider, who took bundles of sticks, and sewed them firmly together, and made a boat for the children. Then came Glow Worm with a light. He had bundles of seeds, and he threw them far and wide.

“The next day, a grassy carpet covered the earth, and corn with

large stalks and leaves and silken tassels grew along the streams. The boy and girl felt their lives prolonged. They grew and grew, and one day Moonlight sent them a little Indian, with no clothes on. They took it to the fire in the wigwam, and little Yellow Worm, on four short legs, brought them some clothes for the Baby. In the evening, birds came to the trees. They sang, because they were so glad. They shook their feathers and moss grew under the bushes and yellow flowers on the hills. A great White Bird came and shook its feathers, and then the sunshine was warm again, and day had come. And the little father and little mother, and the birds and the flowers all sang:

“‘ I have made the Sun,
I have made the Stars,
Above the earth I threw them;
All things above I have made,
And placed them there to illumine.’ ”

A Great Work To Do.

AS pointed out above, we learn about the red men of long ago from tradition and ceremonies among the Indian tribes of today. There is a great field in our State for the study of folk-lore and traditions, and while much has been done to preserve the stories of the people of cave and valley home, a far greater and more profitable work lies before the careful student of the ancient civilization in Utah and the southwest.

Dr. Ralph V. Chamberlin has opened the field for the study of the Indian languages of the west by issuing a little brochure on the language of the Goisute Indians, which is possibly the most scholarly publication that has been put out in our State concerning Indian life and customs. Archeology is the elucidation of the ancient world to the world of today and of the future. It is the science that is destined to show just what the ancient inhabitants of the two continents of America were. By digging into mounds, cave dwelling, pueblos, and old ceremonial houses; by listening to the traditions and folk-lore of the Indians who remain today; by studying the manners and customs and ideals of the red man, the archeologist will obtain a surer knowledge of a people who had their developed culture and life ages ago.

The Pueblo Indians; Their Architecture and Social Life:

By Frederic J. Haskin, in the Public Press.



THE Pueblo Indian is the greatest builder among aboriginal Americans. Unlike any other American Indian, he builds a permanent home, of stone or sun-dried brick, and there he generally spends the rest of his days. Before civilization reached him he was a nomad in a restricted sense, for whole tribes frequently migrated and established new towns; but these movements occurred perhaps once in a generation, and were then usually the result of intertribal wars, or of the attacks of predatory Apaches or Navajos.

The early wanderings of the Pueblos, however, resulted in the erection of numerous structures all through New Mexico and Arizona, which were subsequently deserted; and the existence of these ruined towns has given rise to a belief that the Pueblos were once a very numerous race. Ethnologists are now agreed, however, that their numbers have probably always been about the same, and there are now about ten thousand of them.

Along the Rio Grande, the Pueblos have generally abandoned the high, terraced buildings with which their name is associated, and live in little one-story adobe houses, much like the Mexicans. Away from the valley, however, the many-storied structures, which amazed the Spanish explorers and gave rise to the legend of the seven cities of Cibola, are still in use. Thus, at Taos Pueblo, in northern New Mexico, the two gigantic adobe structures, four stories high, with a clear stream of water running between them, stand today just as they were described by the chronicler of Coronado's expedition in the seventeenth century.

This pueblo is strikingly situated at the foot of a towering mountain range, and the lands which the Indians own stretch for several miles north and south along the Taos Valley. They raise large quantities of grain, vegetables, and fruit, and are very prosperous. The two structures of their pueblo shelter about five hundred Indians.

Another pueblo of the primitive type is Zuni, where the houses have five stories; and there is a tradition that at the time of the conquest, they had seven. It was such structures as these, seen at a distance, and glowing in the brilliant desert sunlight, that made the Spaniards believe the Southwest was inhabited by a great and

wealthy people. Zuni is the largest of the pueblos now inhabited, and about fifteen hundred Indians live in it.

Isleta, situated at an important railroad junction and only twelve miles from Albuquerque, the largest city in New Mexico, is a typical "civilized" pueblo. These Indians own extensive and very rich lands in the Rio Grande valley, and are quite well-to-do. Compared to the poor desert dwellers of the Jemez pueblo, they are veritable plutocrats. And more and more they are adopting the ways of the white man, despite the splendid organization for resisting change which the Pueblo government is. These Indians have practically abandoned the many-storied house, and each family lives in a separate structure. The men wear overalls and often vests, but practically never coats. The special mark of affluence is the hat, and the wealthy Isleta buck always chooses a wide black one, somewhat like those worn by southern statesmen and train robbers.

Structure of the Pueblo Houses.

THE pueblo of Acoma is perhaps the most typical relic of the day when every pueblo was a fort, for it is situated upon the top of a high, sheer cliff. There are few buildings in the world more commandingly perched, and few people who have to go farther for water than the Acoma squaws, for all of it must be brought by hand from the foot of the cliff.

The Pueblo structures are built room by room, and the construction of each one of these is an important religious ceremony. In fact, nearly everything the Indian does has some religious significance.

The Indian who wishes to build first selects his site and marks off the dimensions of his abode by placing a pebble at each corner. He then gathers the stone, or makes the adobe brick, with the help of his friends, who are his guests as long as the work lasts. Before the actual work of construction can begin, however, the Indian goes to the village cacique, who has prepared four eagle feathers. These he sprinkles with votive meal, and then breathes a prayer upon them for the welfare of the house and its occupants. These feathers are placed at the four corners of the house, and a large stone placed over each of them. The builder then selects the site of the door, and marks it by placing bits of food on either side of it. He then defines the proposed walls by scattering particles of food and tobacco where they are to be; and all the time he chants a song to the Sun god.

The additional way of building a house seems to have been for the man to do the masonry, and the woman the plastering. The modern Pueblo buck, however, seems to think that convenience is the better part of tradition, for he often lets the woman do nearly all of the work, except the lifting of the heavy roof beams into place. The house belongs to the woman.

A hole is left in one corner of the roof, and under this the woman constructs a fireplace usually about a foot square, and a hood to catch the smoke.

A feature of nearly every pueblo is the "khiva" or ceremonial house, in which the men of the village gather to hold their pagan rites. The khiva is built at least half below the ground, the shape is usually oval, and the only entrance is a hole in the roof, which is reached by a ladder.

The subterranean nature of the khiva seems to have some special significance, for in a pueblo situated upon a rocky mesa, where it is impossible to dig, the Indians will go quite a distance to place the ceremonial structure in a natural depression. In these strange structures the caciques meet, and the dancers are painted and arrayed for the ceremonial dances.

The social unit of Pueblo society is not the family, but the clan. The husband and wife must be of different clans, and the children belong to the woman; that is, descent is through the female instead of the male. Woman's rights are a reality in the Pueblo world. The woman is owner of the house and of everything in it, except the personal effects of her husband, and she has full power to evict him if his conduct is unsatisfactory. The man cultivates the soil, and he owns the fields, but when the crops have been brought home, his wife has an equal voice in the disposition of them.

Home Life is Very Peaceful.

THE home life of the Pueblos seems to be singularly peaceful and well managed. Conjugal fidelity is the rule, and the Pueblo has been a monogamist ever since the white man has known him. Children are neither spoiled nor cowed, and all family relations are founded upon respect for seniority. The younger children must obey the elder, and the aged are held in respect and veneration by all.

The only domestic creature which the Pueblo had when the white man found him was the turkey, and that he kept more for feathers than for food. Now, however, he owns horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and burros. Practically every male Pueblo owns and rides a horse,

while nearly every family possesses a farm wagon, and the "principales" and officials often ride in buggies. Sheep have taken the place of cotton, which was cultivated by the prehistoric Pueblo. But the modern Indian is not a very successful shepherd. Neither do his herds amount to much. Agriculture always has been, and still remains his forte. He has made excellent use of wheat and fruit, which were brought to him by the white man, and in some of the pueblos, notably Isleta, has learned to make wine.

Contact with civilization has tended to make of the Pueblo more and more a farmer, and has caused him to abandon, or nearly so, many of his native crafts. At the time of the conquest he knew how to spin and weave, make baskets, and an excellent grade of pottery. Today, he no longer weaves blankets, but instead earns the money wherewith to buy one from a store, or from the Navajos, to whom he taught the business. In the busy agricultural pueblo of Isleta, little pottery is made now, although most of the Pueblos still practice this craft because of the commercial demand for the product.

The Pueblo is a born trader. In prehistoric times he dealt in buffalo hides, salt, paint, and cotton mantles, and traded with Apache, Comanche, Navajo, and Ute whenever he was not at war with them. Today, he is a familiar figure at many a railroad station in the Southwest, where he sells fruit, pottery, and all manner of trinkets and ornaments.

The Pueblos have an elaborate system of folk songs and folk stories. The latter contain a great deal of humor, and consists briefly in tales of adventure in which animals talk and plan, the coyote always triumphing by his shrewdness, "Bre'r Rabbit" in the Uncle Remus stories.

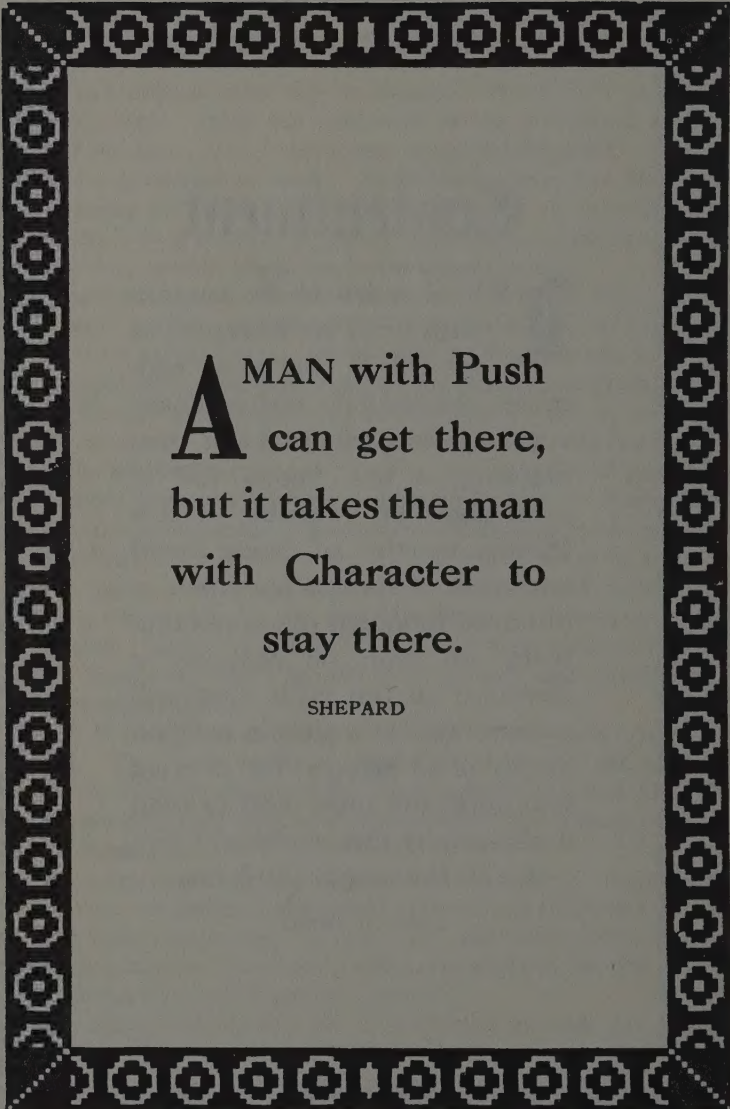
The songs are chanted at work, and in the evening by groups of young men that gather in the streets of the village and by the women at their daily occupations. In fact, the Pueblo seems to have a song for every occasion. Some of the songs are merely rhythmical chants, but others are poems of genuine beauty.

The Pueblo religion calls for numerous ceremonial dances and foot races. In these the Indian is deeply in earnest, and yet he has a great deal of fun. In the early part of August every year the Indians of the Santo Domingo pueblo hold a harvest dance that is usually witnessed by a large number of Caucasian spectators. The Indians treat the visitors with respect, and allow their housetops to be utilized for a grandstand, but they seriously object to cameras.

Contentment

LET us learn to be content with what we have; let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals: a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of inspiration of a genus; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

DAVID SWING



A MAN with Push
can get there,
but it takes the man
with Character to
stay there.

SHEPARD